

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Nora. My Lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once mee thought

It lifted vp it head and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then then the morning Cock crew loude,

And at the sound it shruncke in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeepe sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. Wee doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly,

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, staid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life

A fable siluer'd.

Ham.

Ham. I will watch to night

Perchance twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,

He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape

And bid mee ho'd my peace; I pray you all

If you haue hetherto conceald this sight

Let it be tenable in your silence still,

And what what soeuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,

I will requite your loues, so fare you well:

Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue

He visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,

I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,

Till then sit still my soule, foule deedes will rise

Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes,

Exit,

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessities are inbarckt, farewell,

And sister as the winds giue benefit

And conuay, in assistant do not sleepe

But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his fauour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,

A Violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute

No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,

In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes

The inward seruice of the mind soule

Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,

And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch

The vertue of his will, but you must tear,

C 3

His